

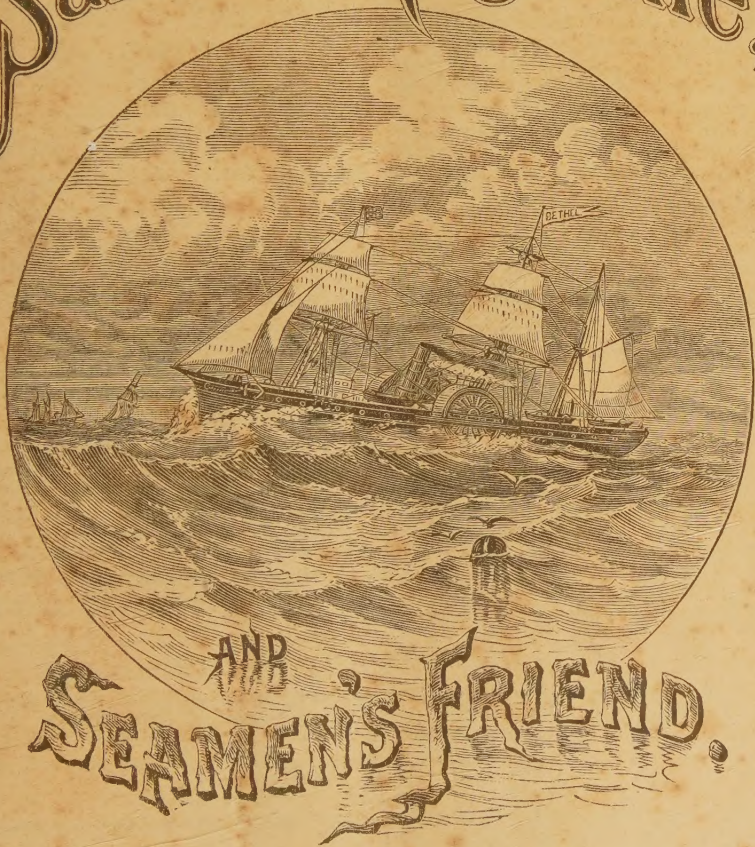
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THE
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AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,
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THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to Mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers \$1 a year, invariably in advance. It will be furnished Life Directors and Life Members gratuitously, *upon an annual request for the same*. POSTAGE in advance—quarterly, at the office of delivery—within the United States, *twelve cents a year*.

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND

Is also issued as an eight page monthly tract adapted to Seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of one dollar per hundred.

THE LIFE BOAT.

This little sheet, published monthly, will contain brief anecdotes, incidents, and facts relating to Sea Libraries.

Any Sabbath-School that will send us \$20, for a loan library, shall have fifty copies gratis, monthly, for one year, with the postage prepaid by the Society.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a *Post Office Money Order*, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money *but always in a REGISTERED letter*. The registration fee has been reduced to *fifteen cents*, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.



Vol. 45.

NOVEMBER, 1873.

No. 11.

“NEVER CEASE TO CARE FOR THE SAILOR.”

A DISCOURSE PREACHED IN THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,
NEWARK, N. J., BY THE PASTOR,

REV. JONATHAN F. STEARNS, D. D.

PSALMS 107: 23.—“They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters.”

The poetical writings of the Old Testament abound with the most vivid and impressive pictures of natural scenery, which are brought into the service of piety, and employed both for the illustration of the Creator's character, and the enforcement of the creature's manifold obligations. In this beautiful Psalm of praise, one of the most beautiful of the whole collection, we have five distinct illustrations of the Divine goodness, as exhibited in human experience—viz: In the homeless wanderings of the exile, in the miseries of imprisonment, in the anguish of mental disease and in the perils and agitations of the sea. In the last, the description is most masterly, and shows the hand of an experienced officer, who has himself seen and felt what he describes. The Israelites were not much addicted to a sea-faring life, but their neighbors, the Tyreans, were, and some of the former, as for example, those of the tribe of Zebulun, of whom the dying patriarch said: “Zebulun shall be for an haven of ships,” must have had more or less of sea-faring experience. None but a sailor, one would think, could have written the passage before us: “They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiseth u the

stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths, their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they are quiet; so he bringeth them to their desired haven. Oh! that men (that is such men) would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men. Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people, and praise him in the assembly of the elders."

Thousands of years have passed since this was written. The arts of navigation have changed wonderfully. Empires have risen and fallen, and the races which were then upon the stage have passed into obscurity and given place to others. Civilization has changed. Habits and customs have changed. Yet how accurately does this boldly drawn sketch of the sailor's life, physical and religious, fit the case of the same class of men at the present moment. Just so do they live and act now, whether on steam ships or on sailing vessels, on inland seas and lakes, or the illimitable ocean. It is because I wish to enlist your sympathies in their behalf, and call forth your liberal co-operation in the efforts which are in progress for their benefit that I have taken the words by which the Psalmist designates them as my theme.

The sailors, as a class, are a peculiar people, quite unlike the landsmen both in their faults and their excellences. Commencing their career at a very early age—many of them when they are mere boys—subjected to a peculiar discipline, inured to peculiar hardships, associating with a peculiar set of men, among whom distinction is an offence, and from whose company and influence there is no retreat day nor night, they contract habits, and acquire a character quite distinct from those of every other occupation. You know a sailor in the street. His gait betrays him. His very dialect is peculiar—very terse, very quaint, and very expressive to those who are familiar with it. Landsmen sometimes try to imitate sailors' language. It is not very safe when there are seamen about. An excellent seaman's preacher once tried it, hoping to make a stronger impression. He would summon his whole flock to vigorous effort in some worthy cause. But to his surprise, the jolly tars seemed unwontedly jolly. And, coming away from the pulpit, the good man found to his mortification, that instead of rousing his congregation to some pious work, he had been actually calling all hands, then in the chapel, and on the Lord's day, to join with him in taking what the sailors call a good stiff glass of grog. Of course he did not mean so. But it disturbed their gravity. Seamen have often said that

going a few voyages almost unfits a man for any other employment. No doubt it does, except where force of character overcomes almost transforming influences. And where it does that, sea-life has such a charm for men susceptible to its impressions, that once addicted to it, its excitements become almost a necessity of their lives. The very elements become, as it were, a part of their being. The sea and sky with all their varied grandness enter into their souls. As one has said who knew the ocean by experience: "It breaks up the sealed fountains of a man's nature, and lifts his soul into features as prominent as the cliffs which beetle over its surge."

Once the adopted child of the ocean, he can never bring back his entire sympathies to the land. He will still move in his dreams over that vast waste of waters, still bounding in triumph and exultation through its foaming billows. All other realities of life will be comparatively tame, and he will sigh for his tossing elements as the eagle for the roar and arrowy light of his mountain cataracts. I have myself known old sailors to break off going to sea again and again, and after a few years they would grow restless, and presently you would find them getting up some apology for changing their mind, accepting another engagement, and beginning another series of voyages. I have in my mind now one noticeable example: A fine old christian man, as courageous as a lion, as tough and hardy as the toughest oak timber in his ship's frame, and yet as gentle and tender as a woman, who, after enduring all sorts of hardships, and being exposed in mid-ocean weeks at a time in an open boat, had left the sea, as he and everybody else supposed never to return to it. But his youngest son, a fine lad, must needs become a sailor. And his father forsooth could not let him go alone. Nobody but he could train him. So off he was—the brave old salt—ere we were aware, to have another battle, and teach his boy to battle, as his father had done before him, with the storms and billows.

You have heard, no doubt, of the dissolute character of a large proportion of our common sailors. It is almost proverbial: "a drunken, swearing, quarrelsome, brothel-hunting sailor." This, with many, is the whole story. And there is, no doubt, much foundation for the impression. On their arrival in port, after a long voyage, their wages paid off, and their pockets full, freedom runs to the extreme of riot, and away as they are, from all the restraints of opinion, there is no excess of wickedness into which some of them will not run. Our missionaries among the heathen have dreaded nothing so much as a crew of lawless sailors landing upon their shores to corrupt the natives. Nor is it strange, when we consider the life which many of them are compelled to live, and the abuses which they suffer. The government of a vessel while at sea, is, and to a great extent, must be, a complete

despotism. This is all very well under a good captain, but how under a bad one? To resist is mutiny; to utter a word of complaint, even a muttered growl or an angry look is the next door to it. The stirring little book entitled, "Two Years Before the Mast," written by a man whom I have known personally from his boyhood, and know to be as reliable for truth as the polar star for the direction of the course, depicts the average situation in a few telling notes. It was the Sabbath. They had just left port. They had been working hard all day, and now everything was in sea order. The captain called them aft to be divided into watches. "I had a good specimen," the writer says, "of the manner of a sea-captain. Walking the quarter deck, with a cigar in his mouth, and dropping the words out between the puffs." "Now, my men," said he, "we have begun a long voyage. If we get along well together we shall have a comfortable time; if we don't, we shall have hell afloat. All you have got to do is to obey your orders, and do your duty like men, then you'll fare well enough; if you don't you'll fare hard enough, I can tell you. If we pull together, you'll find me a clever fellow; if we don't you'll find me a bloody rascal. That's all I've got to say. Go below larboard watch." Such a speech requires no comment. All the rest may be easily imagined. And what is that place called "below." It is a narrow comfortless apartment known as the forecabin, into which ten or fifteen hard-working men, with all their baggage and wet clothes are stowed away together in the hours of rest—badly lighted, badly ventilated, and foul with the scent of bilge water. I have been into those black holes, as they seemed to me, and yet by no means, as I suppose, into the worst of them; improvements, I understand, have been effected, but I fear not great. One must be very sleepy or very weary, we should think, to go there to rest. And yet it is the sailors' quarters, and he has no other. His fare is often as bad as his lodging; and the food of his mind and heart worst of all. Think of putting an unsophisticated and susceptible boy into such quarters, to be schooled there by the old hardened sinners, whom he would be likely to meet with! No home influences to hold vicious ones in check, no Sabbath privileges, no christian sanctuary, no religious instruction, no quiet, undisturbed corner, even for secret prayer! At any rate, these are still, I believe the exception after all that has been done.

And now, what of the port? Happy the sailor lad who has a father's house to go to, or the sailor man who has a home of his own, with a wife and children looking out for his coming. Happy! at least, if he has the moral thought to resist the baits laid for him till he gets to his home. Thank God there are such men, and these swell not the number of what we call drunken, dissolute sailors. Happy he too whom the

Seaman's Friend meets at his landing, and takes to the comfortable "Sailor's Home," and assists to deposit his hard earnings before they are filched from him by the foul cormorants that watch for his ruin, in the safe keeping of the Seaman's Savings Bank. A viler set of villains are scarcely to be found on earth than those proprietors of what are called sailor's boarding-houses, and whose agents beleague the vessels as they come into port, board them, if they are not forcibly prevented, and decoy the men before they can find out who and what they have to deal with, into their dens of pollution and plunder. Ah! they promise them pleasure, "they promise them liberty," and "they themselves are the servants,"—that is the bondslaves of corruption. These are they that count it pleasure to riot in the daytime, having eyes full of adultery, and that cannot cease from sin. And the case of their poor, beguiled, enslaved victim is well described in the words of Solomon: "With their much fair speech they cause him to yield; with the flattering of their lips they force him. He goeth after them straightway as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks, till a dart strike through his liver; as a bird hasteneth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life." "He comes to himself," says one who has had great opportunities for observation, "after a week's debauch, at sea again, his money gone, everything valuable gone, and he in debt to the ship for a month's wages; often little knowing how he was shipped, but that he is obliged, under a rigid discipline, to work the ship to the next port. And so he lives until he dies early, getting all the while more and more depraved. Ah, my friends, it is a fact, no doubt, that there are in all our large sea ports, coming and going, crowds of drunken, swearing dissolute sailors; and you need not wonder so long as the efforts of christian philanthropy—benign as they have proved themselves to be—reach them so inadequately. The fault is theirs. We cannot exonerate them. But it is *ours* too—*ours more* than theirs—if, knowing the peril, we restrict the means which shall be used for their rescue. The average sailor, being a full-grown man in his physical proportions, in his power of action and endurance, in the strength of his passions, is but a child in his power of self-control, and less than many a child in his knowledge of the world. He should, by every sacred consideration, be regarded and treated as the ward of the Church.

This is one side of the subject, and we must not forget it. But there is another. Let me call your attention to that. The average sailor, with all his faults and weaknesses, his disadvantages and his perils, presents, I believe, one of the most hopeful subjects for christian exertion. We must not judge of a class by the faults of a part of it. We must not judge of its capabilities by what results from influences that

can be counteracted. The sailor, find him where you will, has in him many of the elements of a most interesting character. Even among the bitter ashes of his worst depravity, linger the smothered fires of a noble nature.

He is *generous* to a proverb—generous often to a *fault*. Whatever his vices, and when exposed to temptation, few will go lower than he, the sailor is never lost to kindly sympathies, never ungrateful for friendly services. If a fellow-man, especially an old shipmate, is in trouble, he will share with him his last penny, and never ask himself “what is to become of me?” In courage, no hero surpasses him. Spending all his life on the giddiest edge, with only a plank between himself and eternity, he would be ashamed to show his face among his shipmates if he was not ready at any moment to face death whatever shape it might assume. When Nelson said to his men: “England expects every man to do his duty,” there was not a sailor on board—I’ll vouch for it—whose heart did not answer at once: “Aye! aye! sir.” There is a story told of a cabin boy who had crept out to the very end of one of the highest yard-arms and could not get back. The captain saw his position, and shouted from below: “Jump! jump! you scoundrel, instantly,” and the boy unhesitatingly leaped from the dizzy height into the blue waves beneath, and was picked up safe. With all his dissoluteness, and the vile connections into which he is sometimes drawn, the sailor seldom loses his reverence and esteem for virtuous women. This trait is exemplified in the inmates of the SAILORS’ HOME in New York, in their relations to the excellent christian woman now the matron of that house, whom they all call “mother,” and remember in their distant voyages, bringing home all sorts of curious gifts, as tokens of their grateful appreciation. There is a remarkable heartiness about the sailor, a generous out-spoken frankness which is very attractive. I once met a party of sailors in a public conveyance on their way to a neighboring port where they were to ship. I could see plainly enough that they were excited with drink, and as we approached the public house where the coach was to stop, for a few minutes they were laying their plans for another glass. I remonstrated with them, entreating them to refrain. They heard me respectfully, but made no promises. As they got down from their seats, I kept my eye upon them from a distance, and saw them steer directly for the bar. Happily the landlord had no strong drink to furnish them. We resumed our places, and, seeing they were getting more sober, I began to congratulate them, telling them how much better they felt than they would have done had they carried out their design; but the tone of seeming commendation which I assumed was quite too much for them. They glanced enquiring looks at each other, and presently one of them

said, with a sort of bland-faced laugh: "Ha! we couldn't get any; temperance house." Had I reproached them, they would perhaps have repelled me. But to be praised for what they knew they did not deserve was rather more than a sailor's frankness would stand.

But you will say, perhaps, what are all these little fragments of character, considered as redeeming traits, when they are found connected with a character radically bad? I reply, in the first place, the sailor's character is not always radically bad; very far from it. All along the sea coast towns and smaller ports of New England, for example, there are, or were, engaged in this service, not a few plain, honest, virtuous men, in high repute among their fellow-citizens for every neighborly and reliable quality, whose absence is regretted by all while they are away, and whose return is hailed as a benediction by all their acquaintances. These men are often the most enterprising men in the community, the most generous contributors to all good institutions, the heartiest supporters and members of the church, and the warmest friends and benefactors of their pastor and his family. On this point I can speak from experience, having spent a large portion of my early ministry in a sea-faring community, and had many sailors of various classes and ranks in my church and congregation. No class of men were more appreciative of religious privileges, none took a deeper interest in seamen's chapels abroad; none were more ready than they, as they went on their perilous voyages, to ask the prayers of the church, or when they returned to bring their thank offering to the house of God. My hands have been filled sometimes on a Sabbath morning with little notes making such requests, and that from men even who were not public professors of religion.

Where the qualities of which I have before spoken are associated with a good early education and a good degree of social culture, and continued habits of reading and intelligent observation, no class of men sustain a more useful or desirable position, or take a higher stand in point of influence and esteem; and nobody loves his home better than they. It is true this highest class are not to be found, ordinarily, among common sailors. The best interests of the service soon claims them for more important positions. But they have had their turn before the mast, else they would not have been qualified for the high trusts that are afterwards reposed in them. Sailors never like a captain who, they say, "gets in at the cabin windows"—that is, becomes a master without ever having the experience of a common hand.

But if such be the case with so many, under favorable circumstances, where is the necessity that so large a mass of men should be left to live and die in the degraded state of which we have been speaking. Is not the common sailor susceptible of improvement? Is it inevitable that

he should live a degraded, brutal life, and die a miserable and hopeless death? Would not the Gospel do something for such a man; or is he so besotted that there is no persuading him to embrace it? Oh! think not so, my friends. The very contrary is the fact. No class of men are more susceptible, under proper appliances, to religious influence. The sailor has been called proverbially a superstitious being. What is that thing called superstition? It is a blind inward craving for what religion only is able to supply. The sailor is no infidel; he sees too much of God's great works, and feels too forcibly man's utter impotence, not to believe there is a power above. He may be unable to interpret it, he may despair, in his own conscious pollution, of getting into favor and sympathy with the great Being that wields it. In his mad recklessness of sin, he may be a blasphemer, but he is no skeptic, and the truth of the Gospel, when it comes to him with power, finds in none a more heartfelt recognition.

I once heard that remarkable man, known in his day as "Father Taylor," the seaman's preacher, give an account of his own conversion. It was at an anniversary of the Seamen's Friend Society in Boston.

The house was crowded. On the platform in front of the pulpit sat a sturdy-looking crew of sailors, just in from sea, if I remember right, converted on shipboard. One of the speakers, a distinguished pastor of the city, took occasion to criticise the style of preaching often resorted to with that class of hearers. He thought they addressed their feelings too much, and not enough their reason and conscience. Alluding to the current doctrine of the phrenologists, who locate the emotional faculties in the back part of the brain, he said humorously: "he had often thought some seamen's preachers preached too much to the back part of their hearers' heads rather than the front." This roused up Father Taylor, and as soon as the speaker sat down he was on his feet. And such a scathing as he gave the critic—all in a friendly way—I have seldom heard. "Speak to their feelings, eh!" said he, "and make them weep! Let him go and read 'Thompson's Seasons,' and get the flowers of rhetoric and come and play 'em off on these old timber heads," pointing to the crew before him, "and see if he can make them weep! No, no! Men who have faced the tempest and stood at the mouth of the cannon, don't weep so easily at nothing. But when a feeling preacher, (he continued), speaks to them in earnest of a feeling Jesus, then they'll weep; and they'll not be ashamed to weep!" Then he told how he came to Boston, a young sailor lad anxious for his soul; and as he went restlessly through the streets, Park Street Church bell began to ring; he walked into the vestibule; nobody noticed him; nobody offered him a seat; he went back into the street, and was about to go off; but gathering courage re-

turned, and rushed by the sexton into the gallery, and there "stowed himself away" in a corner, where he heard DR. GRIFFIN preach one of his warm, heart-stirring sermons. "And I did weep," he said, "the back part of the head, I suppose the gentleman will say," (touching the part with his fingers), "but I could not help it." And there he heard and learned to take the way of salvation.

My friends, the sailor, reckless as he is sometimes, is after all, a man for earnest things. All the experience of his life has taught him that. And for the earnest things of the true religion when it is brought close home to him with a feeling brother's heart, accompanied with the spirit's love, he has a very quick and lively susceptibility. Tender and strong, are indeed the two leading qualities in his piety; as they are likewise, when he is not hardened hopelessly in sin, of his whole moral and social character.

I wish it were in my power here to give you specimens of the converting power of the Gospel as displayed among seamen. The Reports and periodicals of the Seamen's Friend Society are full of them. The touching narrative of their simple-hearted piety compels our tears. Revivals on shipboard are among the most wonderful, as they are among the most genuine of all those great and marvellous works of God. To hear the sailors speaking of them in their own quaint language is almost to look right into their hearts. "Of the little crew attached to the receiving ship," says a chaplain who had visited it, "almost all became hopefully pious. I asked one of the sailors, as I met him in the yard, how they were getting on as to religion, 'Oh,' said he, 'we have all got on the right tack now, except one, and he is shaking in the wind.' Thank God! there are many vessels traveling the ocean now, which have Bibles and religious libraries on board, and pious captains, who care for their mens' souls, and Sabbath services and prayers, constant as the day.

The world owes a very heavy debt of obligation to this class of men. The church owes it—especially the church in this western land. For who brought her out into the wilderness, and who applied her infant nourishment, both for the body and the soul? Who even now keeps up her intercourse with christians of other lands, and brings her all the intelligence she has of what God's hand is working for his people in all the world? Who bears her missionaries to their distant field? Who carries them their supplies while they are there, and brings them home when they are sick? It is the sailor. There are three millions of them on the sea now, or coming and going, according to a report which I have seen lately, and more than fifty-six thousand of them in our merchant marine. Surely these men ought to be cared for. And what perils do they encounter. "In the year ending with December last,

four hundred and twenty-seven vessels, belonging or trading to ports in the United States, were wrecked, carrying down eleven millions of property, and at the lowest calculation, a thousand lives." And each of these lives, let us remember, was an immortal life; a soul bound for eternity. Oh, what sufferings on the sea! what wailings of widows and orphans on the land! what scenes of sudden glory or shame on the shores of eternity.

I went through the streets, a few days ago, where are some of the worst sailors' boarding houses, and passed on to the pleasant SAILORS' HOME^e and SEAMEN'S Exchange, standing face to face with each other on opposite sides of the same street, the work of christian beneficence, and what a contrast! Filth, moral pollution, degradation too vile for delicate eyes even to look upon! Comfort, thrift, protection, tender maternal care, food for the body, food for the mind, food for the immortal soul. And I said to myself, why is it that when such results as these have been already achieved, the church does not arise in her might, and, taking to her aid the laws of the land, secure to every sailor entering or leaving our ports similar protection, and similar comforts and privileges. And for this, as I understand, a most benign act of our late Congress, enacted at the solicitation of the friends of this noble cause, furnishes now, if it does but stand, unwonted facilities. Yes, we must not ignore the fact, much has been done in these late years, and much is doing now. Chapels have been built at different points all over the world; and faithful chaplains are working, with God's help, often with signal success. Our General Assembly, taking note of what is in progress, at its last meeting gave its cordial indorsement to the SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, and commended it to the contributions of its churches. It is undenominational, because this is a work in which no one denomination can labor advantageously by itself. Rather, I may say, it is under the patronage, and has a claim upon the free, constant bounty and prayers of that one great universal denomination—the true church of our Lord Jesus Christ.

It is an impressive fact, as connected with this subject, that our Lord himself, when he was on earth, associated himself very intimately with the sailor class. Peter and Andrew and John and James, and perhaps other Apostles, were all seafaring men. With his own lips he preached the Gospel from their little ships, made some of his most effective missionary tours under their care, wrought some of his greatest miracles in their company, and vindicated his claim to the empire of the sea, by stilling the storm on the lake of Galilee, and with the voice of divine authority saying to the raging waters in the height of their fury: "Peace be still." And if ever the world is converted,

as far as we can see, the sailor class must at every stage of the progress, be among its most efficient and indispensable contributors.

Let the church, then, let the people of God, of whatever name or clime, NEVER CEASE TO CARE FOR THE SAILOR. And when the sea gives up the dead that is in it, the countless myriads of the dead, who found their graves in its unknown depths, and they, with all the rest of men, small and great, shall stand before God, they that have been faithful to this trust, and thereby turned many to righteousness, shall surely have both the approval of their Lord and the gratitude of every saved one; while the promise will, without doubt, be fulfilled to them, "They shall shine as the brightness of the firmament and as the stars forever and ever." Amen.

THE NORWEGIAN COAST.

The coast scenery is very grand. The innumerable islands, among which the steamer slowly winds its devious course, some covered with pine and fur thickly growing in their own interpretation of the meaning of luxuriance, some bare as the surface of a turnpike road, so far as herbage is concerned, and smooth as the top of a milestone; some well-shapen and habitable-looking islets enough, others as gaunt and grim and mis-shapen as chips from a Titanic stone-yard or embryo elements of chaos, which seem never to have been worthy of admittance even to the primary condition of the world which preceded the division of land and water; the vast cliffs rising like mighty fortresses high above, here sloping far away at an angle up which a careful goat might possibly scramble, there rising with a perpendicular abruptness from the water which would make the soul of a bricklayer's laborer fail within him, or cause a qualm in the breast of the boldest reefer; the rich green of the sea that laves the solid rocks and moans in its restlessness among the crannies and caverns that abound; the majestic wildness and

grandeur of the whole scene—all these combine in producing an effect which almost inspires with awe the mind that is unaccustomed to view nature in her wildest and most pristine state. In parts the steamer seems involved in a rocky labyrinth from which extrication is hopeless, her bow running directly on to a huge rock, to retreat from which would involve a sudden concussion to her stern, which nearly approaches a similar obstruction behind, while on the other hand the rocks jut but so boldly and abruptly as to be but a few paces from the vessel's side. In a moment the scene changes, and we glide round an angle into a broad bay or a vast reach of water, with the rocks far on the one hand, while on the other the surging sea stretches beyond the limit of vision, and the misty horizon almost blends with the wave-tops that dance and leap and perpetually agitate. The mighty cliffs, bare as a house-wall, in some parts rise to a height of 2,000 feet sheer from the water, their summits, far above, torn and riven into gaps and chasms; then they slope down again to mere rocks, which form a bleak and bar-

ren foreground to a picture, whose distance is made up of snow-capped hills and dark, frowning forests of the everlasting pine-trees. For wild, majestic coast scenery this rocky Norwegian shore is perhaps unsurpassed by anything the world knows. Seen in the clear evening atmosphere, when the warm tints thrown up by the sun mellow the distance into a deep purple with rich orange over the horizon, and paint the sky in vivid crimson, this coast must be surpassingly magnificent. The great charm of Scandinavian scenery is undoubtedly the wondrous beauty which the setting sun lends to the landscape and the brilliant magnificence that the sky assumes when the great orb has vanished below the horizon.

Ocean-Steamer Signals.

It will be remembered that the first misgivings as to the safety of the long-delayed steamer *Ernst Moritz Arndt* were allayed by a report that she had been signalled by a west-ward-bound steamer, this turning out to be untrue, the signalled vessel being a National steamship. There are now no less than twenty Transatlantic steamship lines, some almost exclusively for freight, and the following table of the night-signals, by which they should "be known by night as well as by day," may be interesting. By day, of course, their rig, painting of funnels, and other peculiarities render them easily distinguishable to the accustomed mariner:

National—Blue light, rocket, and red light in succession.

Cunard—Two rockets and blue light simultaneously.

Inman—Blue lights forward and aft, red light on bridge, and variegated rocket.

White Star—Green light, rocket throwing two green stars, and green light in succession.

Guion—Blue lights forward, aft, and on bridge simultaneously.

Anchor—Red and white lights alternately.

State Line—Red light, rocket, and two blue lights, one forward and one aft.

American Steamship Company—One rocket, followed in quick succession by first a red light, then a white light, and then a blue light.

Transatlantic—Two rockets forward, one gun, and two rockets aft.

Hamburg-American—Fire ball, rocket, and fire ball in succession.

Bremen—Blue light forward and aft, and two rockets simultaneously.

North German Lloyd—Rocket forward, blue and red lights amidships.

New York and Havre—Rocket, blue light, and rocket in succession.

Allan—Blue, white and red rockets in succession.

Royal Mail Company's Steamers—Rocket and blue light simultaneously. Firing a gun and dipping masthead light signifies wish to communicate.

Peninsular and Oriental Company's Steamers—Two rockets and blue light simultaneously.

Pacific Company's Straits Steamers—Red light, two rockets, and blue light in succession. Firing a gun signifies wish to communicate.

West India and Pacific—Green rocket, blue and red light simultaneously.

John Bibby, Son & Co.—One red light, one rocket simultaneously.

Lamport & Holt—One red rocket, one white, and one red in succession.

A Nova Scotia Tide.

The scenery here is remarkable only in a single point, and that is the rise of the tide-waves. A gentleman said to me, "When I go away abroad, and in different lands, they boast of their advantages, I always stump them by asking, 'How high does your tide run? Ours rises sixty feet.'" The valleys and meadows that reach along the basin look very much like other fertile valleys. The orchards, on the fruit of which Longfellow still gives an annual premium, look just like the orchards of Eastern States. And the farm-houses differ from those in Maine and New

Hampshire only by being a little more antique. But the tide is an institution. Every farmer on the lower land has a dike to keep the Atlantic Ocean from stealing his chickens and other things. When the tide is out, many miles of fine pasture offer a tempting bite to the cattle. They have learned, however, to be cautious, for when it comes in the herd are put to their metal to keep ahead of it. The pigs of Nova Scotia, differing from all their cousins, are especially shrewd on this subject. They follow the tide out closely to feed on the fish it strands in its rapid retreat. The finest runner takes the lead, keeping nearest the outbound wave, with one eye on the crabs and the other on the tide. The instant the tide turns, and takes its first landward step, the porcine leader sounds a shrill note of alarm. The moment it is given, the whole herd, without waiting for another bite, start for the highland, making such time as only Acadian pigs can. They never get fat, as that would interfere with agility and their mission in life, which is to keep ahead of the ocean.—*Interior.*

Ocean Barges.

Some British capitalists are arranging for the formation of a company to trade between Liverpool and New Orleans, and for the establishing of a line of steam barges of such a capacity that they will carry a very large cargo of grain as well as of cotton, at such a draft as would be required for the safe crossing of the bar at the entrance of New Orleans harbor at all times. A model to a scale sufficiently large for carrying out the scheme on large dimensions has been completed on a new principle, combining great qualities of

speed as well as the desired lightness of draft and capacity. It is intended to construct three vessels on this principle. They will be called the *Illinois*, *Great Western*, and *Queen of the Tropics*.—*Scottish American Journal.*

Meeting a Cyclone.

RECENT ADVENTURE OF A CUNARD STEAMER.

The Cunard steamship *Olympus*, which left Boston for England on the 8th July, encountered a cyclone on the second day out. A passenger describing the scene says: The ship was put head to the wind as soon as the storm made its appearance. About half-past two A. M. a heavy pointed sea struck the vessel on the quarter, throwing several tons of water with a terrific force against the saloon, dashing in the side of the saloon, carrying away the forward davit of the quarter boat and some twenty feet of the rail, tearing up and breaking off several of the stanchions of the poop deck railing, and carrying the after binnacle adrift into the lee rail. This large body of water in the saloon made fearful havoc, ripping up tables, settees and chairs, and tearing away glass racks, sidelamps and other movables and apparent immovables, and dashing them pell-mell into the lee side of the saloon. Stewards and waiters, asleep in the saloon, were dashed about among the debris of broken chairs, tables, glass ware and crockery, but, fortunately, with the exception of a few cuts and bruises, were unhurt. Meanwhile the water, checked in its course by the lee side of the saloon, found vent by the companion way and the ventilator into the lower cabin, where the scene for a few moments was very exciting.

The passengers, aroused from their slumber by a terrific crash,

which was immediately followed by a rush of water into the lower saloon and a shower bath from the ventilator, imagined that the ship had been run into and was not only sinking, but already under water. It was with the greatest difficulty that the stewards, headed by the purser, who had recovered from their fright and rushed to the passengers' assistance in a somewhat primitive costume, could persuade the ladies that there was no real danger. The noise of the gale overhead, the roll and pitch of the ship and the constant rush of the water from side to side of the ship, were by no means calculated to sooth them. At last, however, some of the passengers and the waiters succeeded in carrying the ladies from the wet staterooms aft to the dry ones forward, where they were wrapped up as well as what few dry blankets and shawls on hand would do and then the stewards and what men could be spared from the deck were set to work bailing out the cabin, which took some three hours, and by daylight the carpets were all up and on deck, together with the mattresses, bedding, &c. Very fortunately there were no personal accidents of any account. The third officer, Mr. Pierson, had just left the deck to look at the barometer when the sea struck. Had he been a moment later or earlier he would probably have been badly injured and perhaps killed. The purser was washed from his bunk, and, together with the chief steward, found himself swimming when he awoke, bruised but not seriously. Those that were not on duty on deck were below, encouraging and quieting the passengers, which act was accomplished in a most incredibly short time when it is considered that they were all asleep at the time of the accident. After the excitement was over

the writer went on deck. The sight was a most beautiful one. The sea, owing to rapidly changing winds of the cyclone, was not in furrows, as usual, but presented a series of pointed waves rushing in every direction. The accident was of a nature not to be anticipated.

Professor Agassiz Asking the Divine Blessing.

Tuesday, July 8th, Prof. Agassiz opened his Anderson School of Natural History on Penikese Island in Buzzard's Bay. He made no parade about it. Everything was managed with quiet good sense, straightforwardness and despatch, and the few formalities of the occasion—or rather the absence of formalities—bespoke the simplicity of true greatness. Agassiz never makes splurges, and he is fonder of doing things than of promising to do them. He has no time to advertise himself, as he said he had not to "make money." But on the eve of his present great enterprise he could afford "a moment of silence" to acknowledge God. Standing before his little company, met for the first time on the scene of new studies and toil.

Professor Agassiz said that they were in a strange position and were strangers to one another. He felt more than he could express. He regretted that the gentleman to whom they owed the place was not present, and spoke feelingly of the debt due to Mr. Anderson. As he knew of no one present whom he could call upon to invoke the Divine blessing, he asked all present, silently, to give thanks to the Creator. After a moment of silence he proceeded:

Men do not ask God's blessing or "give thanks to the Creator" who spend their lives with the "muck rate" in their hands or get rich by

rocket speculations or by tempting vicious human appetites; but science is God's handmaid, and the truly scientific men cannot be undevout. The Creator is pleased when the votaries and scholars of science own its divine kindred, and ask Him for its gifts. He blessed Solomon above all other kings, and gave the reason thus: "Because * * * thou hast not asked * * * wealth or honor * * * but hast asked wisdom and knowledge for thyself."

We know of few finer pictures than that one on the Island of Penikese, when our acknowledged modern king of science, with bared head and reverent mien, amid the scattered stones and sea-gulls' nests and the rude gatherings of his projected work, stood with his forty pupils waiting on the Almighty Creator.

Every true and right heart in this intelligent land, now in sympathy with the triumph of Professor Ward in Rochester, and the labors of Professor Marsh, in the sage deserts of the West, will remember the significant "moment of silence," at the inception of Agassiz's grand undertaking, in the practical teaching of Nature, and expect its results to be as rich as its opening was honorable.

A Marine Picture.

It is a stern and rock-bound coast we look upon. There are dark cliffs which rise precipitous from the water's edge. There are still more dangerous ledges, washed by the ebbing and flowing tide, some of which are seen only at low water, and others never seen, all crouching low to do what murderous work they can. You may well call this a perilous coast. The careful mariner avoids it. One more venturesome than another will now and then run

close in, profiting by long experience to thread his tortuous way among these half sunken and treacherous foes, but the prudent foresees the danger of too close proximity, and hides himself in the safety of the deep and open sea.

There is a lighthouse yonder upon the headlands. With its dull gray stones it stands a pillar of cloud by day, and with its blazing lantern a pillar of fire by night, a beacon to every wanderer through this wilderness of waters. The waves beat against its base, but move it not; they dash up towards its crystal cap, but never reach it. Winds do not make its light flicker, nor can the driving mist wholly obscure it. Summer and winter, in storm and sunshine, by day and night, the keeper tends it. The oil must never run low, nor the wick give out. Far out at sea the coming sailor sweeps the horizon for this friendly light, and guided by it may at last reach his desired haven.

Yet notwithstanding the lighthouse, there is a wreck lying close at hand. A vessel, endeavoring to make the harbor beyond, ran heedlessly too near the shore, and before she knew it was among the breakers. With a tremendous shock she stranded upon a jagged rock, around which the waters raged. "The fore part stuck fast and remained immovable, but the hinder part was broken with the violence of the waves." How the dark cliffs of that coast loomed up before her horror-stricken passengers and crew, in the gloom of that terrible night! As the dread news, "A ship ashore," spread from point to point upon the land, men hurried to the scene, and for a time stood dismayed like their fellow beings in peril. The waves pounded the sides of the illfated vessel, and swept her decks; in one short hour her strength and majesty departed, and

she was left a dismantled and desolated hulk.

There is one link, however, which connects the wreck with the shore. It is the life-boat, fitted with its hooks and buoys, and ropes, ropes, and life preservers. Quick hands ran it to the water's edge. A dozen stalwart men leaped upon its thwarts and pushed out through the surf. Battling with the elements they slowly neared the wreck, mounting lightly over each crested swell that would have engulfed them. Not one of those brave hearts knew fear. They go to save the lost. Here and there they pick up a survivor, struggling with the waves. Soon they get a line to the wreck, and then the numbers clinging to the rigging are brought in safety to the shore. The light-house, rooted to its rocky bare could only warn; the Life Boat must effect a rescue.

So much for a picture which has vivid outlines, when viewed in the light of such disasters as have lately entered into history; a picture which embodies deep spiritual meaning.

Sunken rocks? Life is full of them. Beware of them, you who are sailing over this great and wide sea. The waters are placid, but destruction lurks in many a spot beneath.

The Light-house? Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said: "I am the light of the world;" *Ye* are the light of the world; and of Paul, also: "Among whom *ye* shine as lights in the world." The Christian has a light to keep, which nothing should be allowed to extinguish and dim; which should beam more brightly in hours of unusual gloom, and be watched more assiduously when souls are in uncommon peril.

As for wrecks, do they not lie all around us? Sadder than any ship-

wreck is the ruin of an immortal soul freighted with treasure, destined for a heavenly port, but overwhelmed in the storm.

And then the Life-boat! There is One who has come to seek and to save the lost; who is able to save to the uttermost; who will save *all* who come unto God by him. When there was no eye to pity, and no arm to save, His eye pitied, and His arm brought salvation.

Oh! wonderful Redemption!
God's remedy for sin.
The door of Heaven open
For *you* to enter in.

"I'm afraid you've lost your reckoning, sir," said Jem to the old profane sailor, "and that you are drifting on to the breakers."

"What then?" asked the old man.

"You'll be wrecked," answered Jem, "wrecked forever."

The old sailor had been wrecked. He knew what it was to be on a ship breaking up and going to pieces on a wintry coast. He knew what it was to be lashed to a spar, half-naked, hungry, and benumbed. He had heard the shrieks of the perishing.

"Wrecked forever?" said he slowly, "that's a long time, boy."

"Yes sir," said Jem, "so it is."

"And is there no help for it?" he asked.

"Oh yes," answered the boy, "Our chaplain used to say that the Admiralty of Heaven had got out a life-boat for poor lost souls. That life-boat is Jesus Christ. It was launched at Calvary, and has been round picking up the lost in the stormy waters of sin ever since. He used to tell us to stretch out our arms to get in and to cry. 'Lord, save, or I perish!'"

"And does He?" asked the old man.

"I only know about myself,"

said the boy humbly. "*I was going down and I cried unto the Lord, and He had mercy on me, and took me in, and I've sailed with him ever since. He's a good Captain, the Captain of our Salvation.*"

Does not the sermon in this picture meet the case of some of our readers?

How Shall I Come?

Is this now the thought of your heart and the utterance of your lips? Conscious you have not yet come—persuaded that the opportunity of coming is fast passing away—you do not wish to come to Jesus. Is he not now a living Saviour? Joseph of Arimathea's tomb is vacant now; the cross bears no victim. More than eighteen hundred years ago the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world was slain. Then it was he bore the curse, the shame, the death, and made a full atonement for sin by one offering of himself. All that is over, and he lives now at the right hand of the Father. He is ascended on high a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance and remission of sins unto Israel. He lives mighty to save, able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him. In the spirit he is near you. That aching, troubled heart of yours may pour out all its griefs to him, and your very tears he will put into his bottle. O! believe that he who died for our sins lives now. Let it be to you a great reality. He himself, after his ascension, said, "I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore." But then all this may bring no rest to you, for you fear him; you are deeply conscious of the way you have treated him in the past; you feel your own vileness and say, "How shall I come?" Come as

you are. There is intense relief in this. We need not stay to wash away anything; we could not were we to try for ever. We need not stay to make up a garment wherewith to cover us, for it would all be filthy rags. Come as you are, for if Jesus is a living Saviour he is also a loving Saviour.

A young man was sitting propped up in an arm-chair in a lodging in Edinburgh. His face was pale and sickly. He wore a coat of peculiar make and appearance. Another young man entered, on which the sick one looked up and made some excuse for his dress, saying, "These were the things I wore on the stage." This was not the first time they had met and spoken about sin and the Saviour, and the conversation was renewed. In the course of it the visitor quoted some portion of the 53d chapter of Isaiah. The sick one asked that it might be read with the tone of one who had come to feel the realities of eternity and the darkness of a life of wandering. The two turned to the chapter, and as the story of the Saviour's sufferings and death in atonement for sin came home to the sick man's heart his face lightened up with a smile of heavenly joy. There, in the Word, he learned that his sin was gone, his peace made by another, and he entered at once into the enjoyment of it. A year later he wrote to his former visitor: "Our heavenly Father has indeed been merciful to me. I have now implicit confidence in his love—implicit faith in the sufficiency of our Saviour's love to cleanse from all sin."

Come thus, beloved reader, as you are, to the living Jesus, and as you pour out your heart to him in confession of all the past take the message in his word concerning its complete forgiveness. Like some

dark cloud shutting out from your view the blue sky—blue, they tell us, from infinite space—so your sins have obscured from you the infinite depths of God's love. But you have seen the clouds swept from off the face of the heavens and have gazed up into the cloudless sky overhead. Harken! the Lord says to those who have neglected him, rebelled against him: "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins; return unto me, for I have redeemed thee."—*Lord Polwarth.*

The Praying Sailors.

A ship once sprang a leak in mid-ocean, and there seemed no escape for the crew from a watery grave. The captain, with deep emotion, gathered his men around him, thirty-two in number, and briefly stated to them their condition. "Are you prepared for it?" he asked, feelingly.

Two men stepped forward. "Captain, we believe that we are prepared for death."

"Then," said he, "pray for me and for your shipmates. I acknowledge that I am not prepared."

The two men knelt down with the company and earnestly prayed God to save them all for his dear Son's sake. There was no jeering now at their praying ship mates; no one to scoff at their religion. Every one felt that there was comfort and safety for them only in God. While they were thus praying their signal of distress was seen, and a lifeboat went to their rescue. They felt as if God had sent an angel to their help, and their thanksgivings were as earnest as their prayers for assistance had been. A daily prayer-meeting was established among them, and before the port was reached each one of the thirty-two was hopefully converted.

It is a blessing beyond every other earthly good, to be associated in life with praying-Christian people. We do not know how many times the Lord wards off danger and trouble from us on this account, nor how many blessings come to us in answer to their prayers. Choose such company in preference to any other if you would enjoy the blessings God bestows in his life, and be fitted at last for such companionship in the life beyond.

The Articles of War; or "No Swearing Allowed."

A noble fleet lay at Spithead not many weeks ago. As if conscious of strength, those ironclads floated on the calm waters, while the deep roar of their heavy guns silenced the prattle of the smaller pieces of ordnance on shore. The royal visitor from the East, now, like one of old, had come from distant realms to see the wisdom of western lands, was shaken for a time from his Oriental quietude as he passed to and fro, threading his passage in the royal yacht amongst the iron monsters.

"Only one thing is wanted," suggested an onlooker, "and that is a broom to every mast-head, which would teach the old legend, 'We sweep the seas.'"

"No need of that," rejoined his listener; "let them speak with their iron mouths, and they will say for themselves, 'We sweep the seas.'"

My dear sailor friends, you have joined I hope often in these solemn words, "O God, who seest that we put not our trust in anything which we do," as they have been repeated by your chaplain in your ears, and have realized them as, proud of your ship and of the British navy, you felt that after all the real strength was in the Lord of Hosts. Long ago a great fleet, the largest which ever assembled, gathered at

a foreign port under a foreign king ; proudly he looked upon it, proudly he named it "The Invincible Armada," and proudly he declared that England was at his feet, and that he would sweep the seas. But the Lord had His plans for England. She had lion-hearted officers and seamen, but her ships were small, scattered, and leaky ; how could she cope with this mighty fleet ? In herself she could not, but the Lord fought for her. From the Hoe at Plymouth the Spanish ships were descried, and hearts turned to stone, as the horrors of a sack rose before them. The next day and Plymouth might be in flames ; but the night came on dark and squally, the breeze freshened into a gale, the gale into a storm, and before the morning dawned the Lord had saved England, and the proud fleet was crushed and broken for ever.

The picture on the first page is one of a ship unlike our ironclads, or even our old hearts of oak. She is not old enough to boast of having Drake, Frobisher, or Raleigh as commander, nor modern enough to stand a conical shot, or to take her place among the squadron assembled to honour the Shah ; but she is a fine ship, and an interesting ceremony is going on on board. The crew are assembled and the captain is reading the articles of war to them. They listen intently as one paragraph after another falls on their ears. At last he reads one which evidently strikes home ; it is against swearing, and they learn plainly that every time a man utters an oath, besides breaking the law of God, he breaks the law of the service. They are looking at one another and at their officers, as much as to say, "We are verily guilty." We are living in the nineteenth century ; the law of God, plain, distinct, unanswerable, stands sure : "I say unto you, swear not at

at all." The articles of war are unaltered also. Does an accusing conscience make our seamen look one on the other ? I have been on board many a man-of-war ; I have met our seamen on shore day after day and week after week, and I never heard an oath or coarse expression from their lips ; and why ? Because I was a lady and their friend. And is not God present ? Does not His ear hear every word ? and would any seaman venture to tell to God in private the oaths which he thinks it manly to utter in public ?

An officer of the navy was lately traveling home on leave ; he took his seat by two fast young men, and was soon cut to the heart as he heard their conversation garnished with oaths. At last, lifting his cap, he said—

"Gentlemen, I am an officer holding the king's commission, and I cannot hear him insulted in my presence ; either I must leave this carriage or yourselves."

One young man sneeringly remarked to the other with an oath, "What does he mean ?" at the same time eyeing the strong arm which was so well able to avenge an insult. "Hush," quickly replied his friend in an undertone, "it's the swearing. I know whom he serves under."

Reader, you are perhaps in the navy ; can you not gently but earnestly discountenance this vice in the service, at any rate by living such a life and bearing such a testimony that no one would venture in your presence to speak evil of your king and friend ?

I have a sad story which I must tell you after the noble one which you have just heard. Some soldiers were proceeding to India on board one of H. M. Indian troop ships. Time hung heavy on their hands, and after trying in vain to beguile

it away, they formed a circle and hit upon the awful expedient of trying which man could utter the worst oath. An umpire was appointed, and the game continued. At last a man cried out, "I have it, I have won the prize; I've got the worst of all." He commenced, but before the black words had left his lips he fell to the deck paralysed, speech and power gone. Horrified and awe-struck, his comrades carried him below to the sick-berth. Day after day he lingered a hopeless wreck, while earnest prayers went up to God on his behalf by the Christian seamen on board; at last, gradually his speech began to return. The sick-berth attendant had been reading to him verse by verse the chapters which spoke of forgiveness; he beckoned him over, and faintly, with much effort, he stammered into his ear the words, "Christ died for the ungodly," and then leaned back on his pillow with a look of perfect peace.

Thank God that swearer, struck down as a warning to others by the strong hand of his offended God, found pardon as he lay on his sick bed, and the first use which he made of returning speech was to tell the blessed truth on which his soul was resting, that "Christ had died for the ungodly." Reader, especially those readers who are in the service, is your motto "For God, Queen, and Country?" then as the watch is carefully and regularly set on board your ship, ask the Lord to "set a watch on your mouth, and to keep the door of your lips," if you are given to this God-dishonoring habit ever so little.

Swearing is *cowardly*; you would scorn to say a word behind a man's back which you would be ashamed or afraid to say before his face. A

man was once telling a story and garnishing it with oaths. When he had finished, a friend quietly said—

"Thomas, you would be afraid to go at midnight this evening to the churchyard and tell God the story which you have told us, not missing a word."

Tom laughed at the thought of fear, and promised to go. The night was clear and bright as Tom wended his way to the churchyard at the appointed time to perform his promise. Very peaceful the resting-place of the dead looked in the silver light. He paused under a yew-tree and began. The first oath made him quiver; at the second he fell on his knees and burst into tears; his mother's grave shone in the moonlight beside him, the presence of God was all around him, and, awe-stricken, he began to pray for pardon from an offended God. Seamen, the man who utters an oath is a coward. Let him try also whether alone with God he can tell Him what he has thought manly to utter in public.

A serjeant in one of the regiments which marched under the Great Napoleon to conquer Russia was one day brushing his uniform; he knocked a button off. Instantly a torrent of imprecations poured from his lips; he looked round suddenly, as a child's clear voice at his elbow said in a tone of horror—

"Oh, serjeant, what if God should take you at your word, and all for the sake of a trumpery button!"

The serjeant dropped coat and brush as he looked at the drummer-boy, and clasping him in his arms he said, "Never shall another oath come out of my lips."

Swearing is *short-sighted*. No man would deliberately hold his hand in the flames until it was burnt away. Every time you ut-

ter an oath you are asking God to punish you, body and soul, in everlasting burning. Is not this shortsighted? The Israelites used to look for a long life; you ask for a short one—nay, you even go so far as to ask the God who has the power, though mercifully for you not the will, to strike you dead. In Devizes the cross still stands in the market-place, to preach with its stony lips, an endless sermon to him who takes God's name in vain. The market-woman stood there behind her stall with the money in her hand; she solemnly declared that the customer had not paid her, calling God to witness, and wishing "that He might strike her dead if it were not true." He did strike her dead, ere the words had left her mouth. Seamen, dear seamen, the words slip out almost before you are aware; not only the awful oaths which chill the blood, which perhaps you never use, but the slighter imprecations, in which the world sees no harm! But taking only this world's estimate, this language brings you no pleasure, gives you nothing, and may cost you everything.

Swearing is against the *articles of war*. Thank God that it is! Although one would scarcely know it, the articles of war are nothing to a civilian, everything to those in the service—the laws which bind them. Whenever you swear you are breaking the laws of the service—those laws which you are pledged to keep. When human laws tally with Divine laws how thankful we are! Don't forget the engraving on the first page, of the old ship and the officer and seamen in old attire. Brave fellows were those who came before you. They were bound by the same laws. Keep them, and be faithful to your Queen and her service.

Swearing is *praying*. What a

fearful thought—the swearer pray! Yes, as often as the imprecation leaves his lips, whether it is a terrible oath or a mere slight affirmation in the name of a higher being, it is a prayer. Think a moment at expressions which you have used cross your memory: what have you been praying for? God always hears prayer: suppose He answered yours, what then?

A gentleman was once going down to explore a coalpit. In the skip with him was a pious collier who at once showed his colors.

"How far," asked the gentleman, with a sneering laugh and an oath, looking down the shaft, "is it from here to hell?"

"I should think, sir," answered the collier, looking him full in the face, "that if that rope broke you would be there in a minute." Yes, the prayer answered, the soul lost. Dear friend, may the Holy Spirit show you the force of Jesus' words—"Swear not at all," and may He consecrate your tongue to the service of your Master that you may at all times be speaking for Him.

"Yes we have a word for Jesus! we will bravely speak for Thee,
And Thy bold and faithful soldiers, Saviour,
we would henceforth be;
In Thy name set up our banners while Thine
own shall wave above,
With Thy crimson name of mercy and Thy
golden name of love.

"Help us lovingly to labor, looking for Thy
present smile,
Looking for Thy promised blessing through
the brightening 'little while';
Words for Thee in weakness spoken Thou wilt
here accept and own,
And confess them in Thy glory when we see
Thee on Thy throne."

A. E. WESTON.

The Seamen's Retreat.

The Seamen's Retreat—the hospital to which are admitted for treatment the sick sailors of the merchant marine—is situated between the Stapleton and Vanderbilt Landings, on the summit of

the acclivity from the shore road, in the village of Edgewater, S. I. The institution was opened in 1831, and since that time until very recently, has been used exclusively by merchant seamen. These supported it by paying \$1 a voyage, bringing the revenue of the Retreat up to a very good figure, and enabled the trustees and officers to take the best care of the poor, sick, and broken-down sailors, who sought relief within the hospital's friendly walls. Scarcely a vessel goes to sea from any civilized port to-day that has not at least one man among her crew who has heard of the Seamen's Retreat. Unlike most other places of its kind, it set no limit on the stay of an incurable patient under its roof. Men who have had no homes and were not entitled to berths in the Snug Harbor—the home for disabled seamen on the north side of the island—were permitted to remain for months, and, in some instances, years, until death or a foreign Consul took them off the Retreat's books.

The amount of good done by this establishment can be estimated partially by a consideration of the following statement: The total number of patients admitted and treated within the last forty-two years is 60,859; the recovered, 49,155; relieved, 5,005; discharged by request, 1,987; and deaths, 2,916. These figures have been taken from the last annual report, since the issue of which nine months have elapsed. The record of the past year, while it is not expected to furnish anything like the same proportion of patients attended to as are to be found in the reports of former years, will show a still greater decrease in the mortality. The United States Government sends a large proportion of the patients to the Retreat, nowa-

days, and pays \$6 a week board for each. In this way the Trustees manage to eke out their somewhat scanty revenues and defray the current expenses of the hospital.

The Seamen's Retreat is managed by a Board of Trustees, Finance and Executive Committees. Its resident officers are C. Henry King, Physician in Chief; D. H. Johnson, House Physician; Ola Helland, Chaplain; and David A. Edgar, Superintendent. On Saturday, Hon. Clarkson Crolius, President of the Board of Trustees, John M. Ferrier, Chairman of the Executive Committee and President of the Marine Society of the City of New York, Capt. W. Story, of the Board of Underwriters, and long a member of the Board of Trustees, with Capts. Tincker and Allen, newly appointed to that body, paid a visit to the Hospital for the purpose of inspecting its present condition. It has always been the custom of Mr. Crolius, and Capts. Story and Ferrier to make these periodical inspections frequently during the long years the institution has been under their charge. On this occasion Capts. Allen and Tincker, new trustees, were introduced to their trust, and, accompanied by its officers, entered and examined every nook and corner of the building. The patients were questioned apart as to the treatment they received at the doctors' hands, and expressed themselves perfectly satisfied and content with all the officers' efforts to lighten the hard burdens each poor fellow had to bear.

The Retreat is a large pile of solid masonry, comprising three buildings, the centre and two wings each divided into large airy wards. Many of these are 40 by 40, and, since the alterations were made for hygienic reasons, others are much larger. Thus the faulty

ventilation of the hospital, which has done so much harm to patients and helped to spread the contagious disorders that proved so fatal to the resident physicians, Rand, Washburn and Moffatt, in former days has been improved. Formerly the wards were smaller than they now are, and the beds were placed close together. Now the fire-places, which were sealed up when the furnaces were put in, have been reopened; the fan-lights over the doors opening on to the verandas have had tin ventilators added to

them; apertures have been made in the chimneys near the ceiling, the doors leading from room to room have been removed; the number of beds in each apartment reduced by half, and everything has been done that could be thought of to equalize the temperature.

The Trustees stated that they were very well pleased with the present condition of the Retreat, adding that it had not looked better in several years of late.—*Times*.

OUR WORK:

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

Sweden.

HELSINGBORG.

Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT writes, Sept. 8th, that the cholera had appeared at Helsingborg, and he had been obliged to retire from this field of his labor temporarily.

STOCKHOLM.

A. M. LJUNGBERG reports, Sept. 2nd, for the months of June, July, and August, that he has visited 242 vessels of different nationalities, and, as usual, preached, sold books, and distributed tracts, with much encouragement to hope for good results.

Valparaiso, S. A.

The statements of Mr. FRANCIS MULLER, Colporteur at this harbor, concerning his labors for seamen, from October 1st, 1872, to 31st March, 1873, though of a date somewhat remote, are of such interest that we print so much of them as follows:

"In this season I boarded 724 vessels, besides making 42 visits to the English and French hospitals, and sold on shore

and on board the vessels 263 scriptures, and 1192 volumes of books, amounting in value to \$994 22. The tracts distributed amounted to 14,464, of which three quarters at least, went to seamen.

January 8th, 1873.—I boarded 14 vessels, selling to 9 men, 13 volumes of books for \$12 30. The mate of the *Evening Star* told me to go with my books and tracts to the devil, and not to call on his vessel. Three Chilian officers of a steamer said they believed in the infallibility of the Pope, one of them burned his Bible purchased a short time ago from me. The chief engineer of the *P.* gave me \$5 for the *Record*.

Jan. 9th.—On the *Citanella*, the mate invited me to come and see a sick man who was going to die. I called the crew together, read the 5th chapter of 2nd Corinthians, and offered prayer. A short time after he died in the hospital, on shore.

Feb. 8th.—On two American men-of-war, the *Pensacola* and *Omaha*, I was cordially received. *Messengers* and tracts were welcome.

Feb. 25th-26th.—Boarded 34 vessels. On the 7., I left tracts for seven different nations.

March 5th.—On the U. S. S. *Pensacola* I sold 29 volumes of books for \$17 90, and not a single curse did I hear from the lips of the crew. Every one was polite, and treated me with great kindness.

March 29th.—On board of the Chilian man-of-war, *Esmeralda*, I was surrounded by all the officers, read some portions of the New Testament to them and sold to them some Bibles and Testaments.

Please to remember me in your prayers."

Delaware and Raritan Canal.

Mr. J. WYNNE JONES reports work done on this canal during the month of September, as follows: Stations visited, five old and two new, Griggstown and Lawrence stations; tracts distributed, 1,304; scriptures, 39; religious papers, 83; the number of boats visited exceeded that of any previous month. He says: "Seminary students have taken hold of the Home Stations, and excellent work is being done. They go out by fairs, some scatter tracts, scriptures, and papers in the morning, and others preach in the afternoon. They like the work and are earnest in their efforts. I am free now from these posts, and hope to visit every station from New York to Philadelphia before the canal closes. I shall, in my final report, make a general review of the field and work, my experience, &c. I will say here, that the work is a blessing, were it only for the little children. It would delight you to see their little eyes sparkle with joy at the sight of a few pictorial Sunday-school papers and the beautiful tinted colored tracts which the American Tract Society sent us. Then I take a few little red covered tucked Testaments with gilt edges as special gifts to the older children. These beautiful little Testaments they highly prize, and they all please the parents very much, so that very often by the giving of such a gift, I have through the children been able to speak a word profitably to the parents. It has

been my object continually to make much of the children, and in doing this I find that the parents and others make much of me and my labors. One of the most lovely pictures I find in the New Testament is that where Christ takes up little children in his arms and blesses them. So with the ministers of the gospel, if they will specially love these little lambs, they will draw the parents to love them. The sights I have seen, and the lessons I have learned from these poor, neglected people, will be to me of great value in all my future labors. They will have cause to, and believe me. Many of them will bless your noble Society and others who have done so much for their spiritual welfare, and let me add, God will bless you.

God Bless The Sailor.

BY MRS. E. P.

God bless the Sailor's lonely soul
Far off upon the sea;
Christ, go to meet him as He walked
On waves of Galilee.

Bless him in days of treacherous calm,
And raise the prosperous gale;
God's Holy Spirit fill his breast
And speed the flowing sail.

Bless him, when storms and tempest beat,
And whisper "Peace, be still,"
Allay the burst of passion, hush
And harmonize the will.

And when life's weary voyage ends,
On seas no more to roam,
Guide Thou his good ship into port:
Christ, be the Sailor's HOME!

DORSET, VT.

God's Spirit Moving on the Waters.

A FRESH LETTER FROM A CHRISTIAN
SAILOR.

The following letter has just been received at the SAILORS' HOME, in this city, from a pious seaman, addressed to our Missionary.—ED. SAILORS' MAG.

SHIP DAUNTLESS,)
SAN FRANCISCO, SEPT. 18th, 1873.)

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I am happy to inform you of our safe arrival here, on Saturday last. Thank God I am quite well. We had a very severe passage,

but a very happy one, because we had Jesus with us. You will be glad to hear that many have come out on the Lord's side. I can safely say that all on board have given their hearts to Jesus. The first Sabbath out, we had service in the cabin at 10 a. m., when the Captain said he intended to have prayers twice a week if we would attend, and at 7 p. m. we had prayer meeting, when six came out on the side of our blessed Lord and Saviour. The mate was the first that gave his heart to Jesus. It is a pleasure to have the love of God at sea. Jesus loves the sailor. I have often thought of the prayer meeting at the Church of the Sea and Land. How I wish I was there. But you see, brother, we have the same blessed Jesus at sea as on land.

Dear brother, give my best respects to our good pastor, and to all the brothers and sisters of the Sea and Land. Tell them to pray for me that I may be kept faithful to the end. I know that God has heard the prayers that have been offered up by the Church of Sea and Land for the *Dauntless*. My blessed Saviour has answered them in his own good time. We have taken up for Liverpool, so I hope to see you all again on earth, but if we do not meet again on earth, I trust to have a more joyous meeting in heaven. I have made a good collection for the Seamen's Library, \$38. May God bless you all.

Ever yours in Christ,

F. H. PLUMMER.

The Evangelical Alliance and the Seamen's Cause.

It has occasioned considerable surprise that, in the Programme of the late remarkable meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, no reference whatever was made to christian work among SEAMEN.

The numerous friends of seamen in all denominations of protestants who have observed this omission

with disappointment, and who are asking how it came about, and who may be suspecting us of neglect in the matter, should be informed that the subject was brought to the attention of the Programme Committee several months ago, at which time also the offer of a paper thereon was respectfully submitted.

No notice being taken of this proposition, up to the time of the opening of the Conference, a private note was sent to one its Secretaries asking a consideration of the claims of 3,000,000 of seamen of all nationalities, and some grateful recognition of the Divine blessing upon the evangelical labors of Chaplains and Missionaries in this and other countries, more than 30,000 seamen being reported as hopefully converted. The various societies and organizations throughout the world having this interest at heart, we thought would be deemed of sufficient importance, on account of their successful christian efforts, to be classed with the accepted agencies in the world's evangelization, and what had been accomplished by them as worthy a place in the history of these christian times.

But, as it has proved, we were mistaken in this. Notwithstanding the Alliance was largely composed of delegates representing maritime nations, other themes had preference, and seamen were not mentioned, not even in the long catalogue of subjects which the Programme Committee would have been glad to present for the con-

sideration of the Conference, had its time allowed.

It is related of a well-known philanthropist familiar with the discomforts of the fore-castle, that he significantly remarked to a wealthy ship-owner who was once showing him through his extensive and comfortable stables, 'You seem to think more of your horses than of your sailors.'

One might naturally infer this to be the judgment of the Evangelical Alliance, in view of the fact, that while no place could possibly be found for the mention of seamen, a generous hearing was granted to "the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

The sailor has always had a tough time of it, alike at sea and on shore, and probably he always will have; and his treatment by those who either neglect or abuse him, should serve to quicken the zeal of such as are laboring to befriend him.

The seamen of the world have a place in prophecy. They are to be converted to God. Let us prayerfully seek out the sailor, and everywhere strive to do him good, remembering His words who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these MY BRETHREN, ye have done it unto ME."

The Shipping Commissioner's Act.— Vessels Trading to the West Indies and Mexico are Subject to it.

In the United States District Court for the Eastern District, in the case of the United States *vs.* the steamship *City of Mexico*, Judge BENEDICT has decided substantially as follows:

The present is a proceeding to condemn the steamship *City of Mexico* in a penalty for an alleged shipment of seamen, contrary to the provisions of the act of June 7th, 1872, "to authorize the appointment of shipping commissioners." The owners of the steamship caused a crew to be shipped on board that vessel for a voyage from the port of New York to the West Indies and Mexico, by written shipping articles executed by the crew on board this vessel, before a notary public, and not before the shipping commissioner. Such a shipment of a crew the government contends is in violation of the shipping act referred to above, and renders the ship liable to a penalty of \$200. On behalf of the vessel, it is claimed all vessels bound to the West Indies and the Republic of Mexico are exempted from any legal obligations to have any shipping articles, and therefore not liable to any penalty for a shipment in violation of the act of 1872. My opinion is that no such effect can justly be given to the shipping act of 1872 as to work a repeal by implication of the original act of 1790. Such was not the construction put upon it by the claimants in the present instance; for they caused the crew to be shipped in accordance with the act of 1790.

The act of 1872, as also the act of 1790, recognize, and should be construed as in harmony with, the rule of the general maritime law upon the subject; and by general maritime law, as well as by the act of 1790, a written contract with this crew was doubtless required—certainly such an agreement was not forbidden. But by section 13 of the act of 1872 certain rules are presented which are to be observed in respect to all written agreements procured to be executed by seamen, one of which is that the agreement shall be signed by each seaman in presence of a shipping commissioner. No words in the section indicate an intention to limit its effect to the cases of agreements provided for in section 12, and I consider it applicable to every agreement

made in writing by a sailor for his services on any vessel. This provision of the law was disregarded in the shipment of the crew of this steamer, and by virtue of the 14th section of the act of 1872, the vessel becomes liable to a penalty of \$200.

A decree must accordingly be entered.

Obituary.

REV. HENRY WOOD, D. D., chaplain in the United States Navy, died at the age of 78. He was a native of New Hampshire, and entered the service as chaplain in September, 1856. He had been stationed at the Naval Asylum in Philadelphia for several years past.

Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry Street.

MR. ALEXANDER reports two hundred and five arrivals during the month of September. These deposited with him \$3,855, of which \$1,377 were sent to relatives, \$800 placed in Savings Banks, and the balance returned to the depositors. In the same time twenty-two men went to sea from the HOME without advance, and four were sent to the hospital.

Our excellent missionary at the HOME, Mr. C. A. BORELLA, has just returned from a brief visit to his family friends in Denmark. He is in vigorous health, and takes up his work with new interest and zeal.

Position of the Planets for November, 1873.

MERCURY is an evening star until the afternoon of the 30th, when it is in inferior conjunction with the Sun; is at its greatest brilliancy on the 7th and on the evening of that day, it sets at 5h. 43m. and south of west $32^{\circ} 52'$; is at its greatest eastern elongation on the forenoon of the 10th at 10h. 23m., being $22^{\circ} 50'$ away from the Sun; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 21st at 10h. 8m., being $1^{\circ} 13'$ north.

VENUS is a morning star rising on the 1st at 4h. 14m. and south of east $4^{\circ} 11'$; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 17th at 10h. 24m., being $28'$ north, at which time it is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitudes 14° north and 76° south.

MARS is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 8h. 44m. and south of west $33^{\circ} 3'$; is in conjunction with Saturn on the morning of the 20th, at 6h. 46m., being $1^{\circ} 8'$ south; is in conjunction with the

Moon on the afternoon of the 24th at 3h. 34m., being $3^{\circ} 42'$ north.

JUPITER is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 2h. 44m. and north of east $4^{\circ} 30'$; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 14th, at 7h. 1m., being $3^{\circ} 12'$ south.

SATURN is an evening star on the 1st at 9h. 53m. and south of west $28^{\circ} 28'$; is in conjunction with the Moon on the 24th at 29m. before noon, being $4^{\circ} 41'$ north.

R. H. B.

Clinton Point Observatory on the Hudson.

Total Disasters in September, 1873.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the past month is 52, of which 29 were wrecked, 8 abandoned, 1 burned, 1 capsized, 1 sunk by collision, 4 foundered, and 8 are missing. They are classed as follows, viz: 1 steamer, 1 ship, 10 barks, 8 brigs, 31 schooners, and 1 sloop, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$604,000.

Below is the list, giving names, ports, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w*, were wrecked, *a*, abandoned, *b*, burned, *c*, capsized, *sc*, sunk by collision, *f*, foundered, and *m*, missing.

STEAMER.

Ironsides, *w*, from Baltimore for Wilmington, Del.

SHIP.

Assam Valley, *a*, from Pensacola for Liverpool.

BARKS.

Pohomo, *w*, (At Cow Bay, C. B.)
Primera, *a*, from New York for Penarth.
Orray Taft, *w*, (Whaler.)
Ansel Gibbs, *w*, (Whaler.)
Prospero, *w*, from Liverpool for San Francisco.
M. E. Seed, *a*, from Cardiff for Galveston.
Fille de l'Air, *a*, from Charleston for London.
Majus, *a*, from Fowey for Philadelphia.
Vorwaertz, *a*, from New York for Lubeck.
Eureka, *m*, from Cape Breton for New York.

BRIGS.

Ella Maria, *f*, from P. Caledonia for Havana.
Alice Starrett, *w*, (At Cow Bay, C. B.)
Jane & Harriet, *w*, from Boston for St. John, N. B.
Esk, *c*, from Boston for Halifax.
E. H. Kennedy, *w*, from Weymouth for Charleston.

Admiral, *w*, (At Osima, Japan.)
Guanche, *w*, from Havana for Satilla, Ga.
Herald, *f*, from Liverpool for Matamoros.

SCHOONERS.

Sassacus, *w*, (Fisherman.)
Morea, *b*, from Rockland.
Angie S. Friend, (Fisherman.)
Far West, *w*, (Fisherman.)
Juliet, *w*, (Fisherman.)
Cordelia, *w*, from New London.
Eliza Frances, *f*, from St. Andrews, N. B.
Stampede, *a*, (Fisherman.)
E. C. Smith, *w*, (Fisherman.)
James G. Tarr, *w*, (Fisherman.)
Ranger, *w*, (Fisherman.)
Veritas, *f*, from Turks Island for Providence.
Centre Point, *m*, (Fisherman.)
Royal Arch, *w*, (Fisherman.)
Samuel Crowell, *m*, (Fisherman.)
El Dorado, *w*, (Fisherman.)
Sappho, *a*, from New York for Antigua.
Centurion, *w*, (Fisherman.)
Estelle, *w*, from Providence for New York.

Henry Clay, *m.* (Fisherman.)
 Annie Harris, *m.* (Fisherman.)
 A. H. Wonson, *m.* (Fisherman.)
 Addie Osborn, *sc.* (Fisherman.)
 F. H. Bucklin, *m.* from Sydney, C. B., for Boston.
 Pyrola, *m.* from Rockland.
 Louisa, *w.* from Boston for St. Johns, N.F.
 J. & M. Merriman, *w.* (On Hog Island, Va.)
 West Point, *w.* (Fisherman.)
 S. B. Howes, *w.* (Whaler.)
 Joseph Baxter, *w.* from Georgetown, D. C., for Boston.
 Abbie E. Campbell, *w.* from Georgetown, D. C., for New York.

SLOOP.

Velocity, *w.* from Greenport for New Haven.

Receipts for September, 1873.

MAINE.

Bucksport, Cong. church..... \$29 54

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Candia, Cong. church..... 10 00
 Hanover, F. B..... 25
 Kensington, Pastor's Family..... 4 00
 Rye, Cong. church..... 8 20

MASSACHUSETTS.

Ashburnham, Cong. S. S., for library. 20 00
 Beverly, Dane Street church..... 36 65
 Boston, Highland church..... 49 37
 Salem and Mariners church... 29 95
 Union church..... 17 93
 A Friend, for shipwrecked seamen.. 30 00
 East Abington, Cong. church..... 20 00
 East Marshfield, additional..... 60
 Falmouth, Cong. church, additional.. 6 00
 Freetown, " "..... 19 03
 Greenfield, 1st Parish..... 8 35
 Gill, Cong. church..... 11 10
 Hinsdale, Cong. church S. S., library. 20 00
 Holliston, " "..... 22 71
 Leominster, " "..... 16 33
 Marion, Mrs. Nathan Briggs..... 5 00
 Montague, Cong. church..... 23 73
 Newburyport, Bethel Society, to const.
 Philip Lunt, L. M..... 30 00
 Norwood, Cong. church..... 17 00
 Sherburne Centre, Cong. church..... 40 50
 South Deerfield, " "..... 18 22
 Missionary Association..... 21 79
 Stoughton, Cong. church, S. S., lib'y.. 20 00
 Taunton, Cong. church..... 62 00
 Upton, Ellen Gore..... 5 00
 Warren, Cong. church S. S., for lib's.. 49 40
 Wayland, " "..... 6 13
 Winchendon, " "..... 40 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence, Union Cong. church..... 143 16

CONNECTICUT.

Black Rock, 1st Cong. church, lib'y... 20 00
 Collinsville, Cong. church..... 22 00
 Ellington, " "..... 10 00
 New Britain, S. S., Centre Cong. ch.,
 for library..... 20 00
 Old Lyme, Mrs. C. C. Griswold..... 10 00
 Salisbury, Cong. church..... 26 42
 Sharon, Cong. church, to const. Rev.
 William Roger Terrett, L. M..... 30 00
 Southbury, Cong. church..... 15 15
 Stratford, " "..... 58 00
 Trumbull, L. S. Edwards and his S. S.
 class, for library..... 20 00
 West Winsted, Cong. church, of which
 \$30 to const. Robert R. Noble, L. M. 69 50
 Woodbury, A. J. Allen..... 20 00

NEW YORK.

Bridgehampton, Pres. church..... 7 00
 Brockport, " " add'l.... 1 25

Buffalo, Union Steamboat Co..... 100 00
 J. C. Evans..... 25 00
 Catskill, Pres. church..... 95 30
 Pres. church, additional..... 5 00
 Covington, legacy Thos. Burt, by Ira
 Townsend..... 123 00
 Cocksackie, 2nd Ref. church..... 30 34
 Dunhamville, M. E. church..... 2 87
 Bap. church..... 2 62
 East New York Ref. church..... 17 37
 Fonda, " "..... 5 00
 Harlem, " " of wh. A.
 S. Jones, \$20 for library..... 56 10
 Hoosic, Bap. church..... 6 18
 M. E. church..... 10 33
 Hudson, Smith Thompson, for lib'y... 20 00
 M. E. church..... 5 12
 Madison Village, Bap. church..... 7 00
 McGrawville, " "..... 4 00
 M. E. church..... 2 30
 Middletown, 2nd Pres. church..... 20 00
 Newburgh, 1st Pres. church, to const.
 Rev. W. K. Hall, L. D..... 100 00
 Newport, S. S., Bap. church, lib'y... 20 00
 New York City, Capt. Bartlett, brig
Machius..... 3 00
 Capt. Lombard, bark *Mondego*..... 2 00
 A. Doane and crew, ship *Cleopatra*..... 51 50
 Capt. Geo. Dick, bark *Young Eagle*.
 C. B. Dix, bark "*Alice C.*"..... 5 00
 " Rogers, ship *Helicon*..... 10 38
 " Eaton, bark *Monitor*..... 10 00
 Thomas E. Weber, Mate brig *Hattie*
Bishop..... 5 00
 Madison Square Pres. church, of wh.
 Mrs. J. A. Slade, \$10; J. A. Livingston, \$25; J. R. Hills, \$20, for lib's. 160 35
 W. N. Seymour..... 20 00
 Mrs. Marion Christopher..... 2 50
 John Dowley..... 20 00
 Charles Morgan..... 10 00
 P. W. Engs..... 5 00
 O. S. Fleet..... 25 00
 Spofford, Bros. & Co..... 50 00
 Gaylord Watson..... 10 00
 Edward S. Jaffray..... 100 00
 Edward Austen..... 20 00
 William Libbey, Jr., for library..... 20 00
 Jonas M. Libbey, " "..... 20 00
 Frederick A. Libbey, " "..... 20 00
 Onondaga Valley, Pres. church..... 11 25
 Ontario, Pres. church..... 10 77
 Bap. church, individuals..... 1 66
 Pittsford, Bap. church, additional.. 50
 Poughkeepsie, Mrs. M. J. Myers..... 30 00
 Rome, Pres. church..... 19 65
 Seneca Association..... 9 00
 Shelba, W. Edwards..... 4 25
 Spencerport, Cong. church, to const.
 Miss Ada M. Shuart, L. M..... 30 00
 M. E. church..... 3 51
 Troy, Rev. C. S. Durfee..... 1 00
 2nd Pres. church, Young People's
 Christian Union, for library..... 20 00
 Utica, Westminster Pres. church..... 13 40
 Williamson, Bap. church..... 3 34
 Woodville, Cong. church, additional.. 2 50
 Wright's Corners, Pres. church..... 5 10

NEW JERSEY.

Newark, High Street Pres. church, of
 which Mrs. P. A. Goble, to const.
 Mrs. E. J. Alexander, of Paducah
 Ky., L. M., \$30..... 61 25
 Central Pres. church..... 90 00
 South Orange, Pres. church, of which
 to const. Rev. John H. Worcester,
 Jr., L. M., \$30..... 68 76

OHIO.

Creswell, James Butcher..... 1 00

\$2,831 66



November, Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society. 1873.

LIBRARY REPORTS.

During September, 1873, seventy-six libraries (thirty new and forty-six refitted) were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 4056, 4071-2, 4075, 4078-90, inclusive, at Boston, and Nos. 4715-4736, inclusive, with No. 4738, at New York, the list as below :

<i>No. of Library.</i>	<i>By whom furnished.</i>	<i>Where placed.</i>	<i>Bound for</i>	<i>Men in Crew.</i>
4056..	Henry Mills, Plymouth, Mass.....	Bark Belgian.....	South America....	16
4071..	Cong. church, Milton Mills, Mass.....	Brig Elizabeth Winslow	Buenos Ayres....	10
4072..	S. S., Cong. church, Warren, Mass.....	Brig Royal Sovereign...	River Platte.....	10
4075..	Samuel Adams, Castine, Me.....	Bark Pacific.....	Whaling Voyage..	30
4078..	S. S., Cong. ch., South Sudbury, Mass...	Bark Wakefield.....	Australia.....	20
4079..	S. S., Cong. ch., Ashburnham, Mass...	Brig W. H. Clements...	River Platte.....	10
4080..	S. S., Cong. church, Stoughton, Mass...	Bark Kate Williams...	Western Islands..	13
4715..	Prof. Manley's S. S. class, Cong. church, Homer, N. Y.....	Ship Enoch Train.....	East Indies.....	30
4716..	S. S., Bap. church, Lockport, N. Y.....	Bark Rosina.....	Cape Town.....	20
4717..	Mrs. Mary Ward Beecher, Chicago, Ill., (for Lyman Beecher 2nd Memorial lib'y.)	Brig Fidelia.....	Guyaquil.....	12
4718..	S. S., Cong. church, Gaines, N. Y.....	Bark Ukraine.....	Liverpool.....	13
4719..	S. S., Bap. church, Greece, N. Y.....	Steamer City of Austin.	Galveston.....	33
4720..	F. Pidgeon, Saugerties, N. Y.....	Ship Hamilton Fish....	San Francisco....	28
4721..	W. B. Bogle, Montclair, N. J.....	Bark Young Eagle.....	Antwerp.....	12
4722..	S. S., Bap. church, Scotch Plains, N. J.	Bark "Alice C.".....	Rotterdam.....	17
4723..	Miss M. Ackerman, New York City....	Ship Chas. A. Fannell..	Bristol.....	26
4724..	Mrs. T. J. Backus, Schenectady, N. Y.	Ship Ellen Southard...	{ New Orleans and Europe.....	17
4725..	Mrs. C. F. Maurice, Sing Sing, N. Y....	Ship Tirrell.....	Valparaiso.....	21
4726..	Rev. D. A. Holbrook, " "	Ship Progress.....	Antwerp.....	26
4727..	S. S., Cong. church, Binghamton, N. Y.	Bark Brazos.....	{ Galveston and Europe.....	16
4728..	W. Libbey, Jr., New York City.....	Ship C. H. Marshall....	Liverpool.....	30
4729..	S. S., 1st Pres. ch., Binghamton, N. Y..	Ship Cleopatra.....	San Francisco....	25
4730..	Jonas M. Libbey, New York City.....	Bark Cremona.....	{ Galveston and Europe.....	13
4731..	Frederick A. Libbey, New York City..	Ship Athenais.....	Antwerp.....	22
4732..	Rev. J. H. Crosby, Lincoln, Me.....	Bark Matilda Hilyard..	Europe.....	14
4733..	S. S., Hammond Street Cong. church, Bangor, Me.....	Bark Romance.....	Havre.....	13
4734..	S. S., 1st Pres. ch., Binghamton, N. Y..	Bark Henry A. Hatfield.	Sydney.....	12
4735..	Missionary Association Lebanon Cha- pel S. S., New York City.....	Ship Surprise.....	Java.....	30
4736..	Dr. W. C. Williams and wife, Cheshire, Conn., in memory of Willie E. Williams.	Steamer Perit.....	Bermuda.....	23
4738..	Miss Eva Hart's class, S. S., 2nd Pres. church, Plainfield, N. J.....	Bark Monitor.....	Marseilles.....	10

The forty-six libraries refitted and re-shipped were :

No. 113, on schr. *G. T. Hebbard*, for Halifax ; No. 886, on schr. *Carrie*, for St. Johns ; No. 942, books read with interest, gone to Windsor, on brig *C. Morris* ; No. 1,029, on brig *H. Bishop*, for Genoa ; No. 1,402, on schr. *Bisbee*, for Marahan ; No. 1,498, on schr. *Chattanooga*, for Jacksonville ; No. 1,837, on schr. *Susan*, for Jacksonville ; No. 1,864, on brig *Florence*, for Mobile ; No. 1,992, books much read, gone to West Indies, on brig *J. Blake* ; No. 2,046, on schr. *Commerce*, for Bahamas ; No. 2,205, on brig *Wanderer*, for Europe ; No. 2,464, read with interest, gone to Hyannis, on schr. *D. Depew* ; No. 2,572, on schr. *L. Evans*, for Charleston ; No. 2,585, on schr. *A. R. Weeks*, for Galveston ; No. 2,734, on schr. *C. A. Bovey*, for St. Johns ; No. 2,802, on brig *E. Dana*, for Georgetown ; No. 2,837, read with profit, gone to St. Domingo, on brig *Sophia* ; No. 3,037, books read and appreciated, gone South, on brig *Machias* ; No. 3,179, on brig *Antilles*, for Havana ; No. 3,332, on schr. *Constitution*, for Jacksonville ; No. 3,399, read with interest, gone to Gibraltar, on brig *Five Brothers* ; No. 3,442, on schr. *J. D. Williams*, for Wilmington ; No. 3,464, on brig *T. Owens*, for Galveston ; No. 3,524, on schr. *A. Bell*, for Barbadoes ; No. 3,576, on schr. *N. Crowell*, for Indianola ; No. 3,579, on bark *Cherokee*, for Havana ; No. 3,711, on brig *Teviot*, for West Indies ; No. 3,804, on brig *Mary Ida*, for West Indies ; No. 3,864, on bark *Mondago*, for Bahia ; No. 3,867, on brig *Merriva*, for Cuba ; No. 3,920, on schr. *R. P. Clark*, for Corpus Cristi ; No. 3,979, on schr. *H. A. Fuller*, for Charleston ; No. 4,178, on bark *J. Mildred*, for Cuba ; No. 4,235, on schr. *E. A. Anderson*, for Corpus Cristi ; No. 4,273, on ship *Garibaldi*, for Copenhagen ; No. 4,479, on ship *Edith*, for Europe ; No. 4,481, on schr. *Rightaway*, for Baltimore ; No. 4,525, on schr. *P. H. Crowell*, for coastwise ; No. 2,774, returned from its third voyage in good condi-

tion and gone to sea on schr. *New Zealand* ; No. 3,177, returned in good condition, sent out on schr. *Lucy Devlin*, 18 men ; No. 3,417, returned from Bombay, books much read, gone to sea on brig *British Queen*, for Nova Scotia ; No. 3,571, heard from, transferred from schr. *C. K. Young* to bark *Sacramento*, 12 men, for South America ; Nos. 3,723, and 3,627, are in Sailor's Reading Room, New Orleans, much used and are doing much good ; No. 4,035, returned from New Orleans and gone to sea on schr. *Onward* ; No. 4,110, returned in good condition and gone to sea on ship *William*, 20 men, for Liverpool.

Be Slow To Accuse.

"Mother, I can't find my florin anywhere," said Arthur, coming into his mother's room with quite an anxious face. "I put it right here into my pocket-book, and that into my overcoat pocket. It had been hanging up in the hall all day, and I do believe that new girl has taken it out. She saw me have it last night and put it away."

"Look in your other pockets, Arthur. A little boy who is so apt to forget things must not be too positive that he puts his money in his pocket-book. And never accuse anybody of stealing without a shadow of evidence. This is very sinful as well as unkind. What if Susan should lose her money and accuse you of stealing it? Remember the golden rule."

"But, mother, she looked guilty when I said I had lost it, and that I knew some one had taken it out of my pocket."

"But very likely she looked confused on hearing you make such an unkind speech. She knew very well there was no one in the house you could suspect of taking it but herself. You might as well have said so in plain words. An innocent person is more apt to look guilty when accused of a crime than one who is hardened in wrong doing. The latter usually has a face ready made up to suit any occasion. A gentleman once said that

the most guilty-looking person he ever saw was a man arrested for stealing a horse which afterwards proved to be his own."

"But what *has* become of my money, mother? It is gone, that is certain."

"I believe you lost a fine top once, that it was supposed a little neighbor had stolen," said his mother with a smile.

"But I can't have left this in the arbor, this cold weather."

"But there are plenty of other losing places about. Did you have on that jacket last evening?"

"No, mother, I believe I had on my gray one; but then I *know* I put it into my pocket-book."

"Don't say you know, my dear, for it may be an untruth. Please bring me your gray jacket."

Arthur walked slowly up to his room, but he walked back slower still, and looked very foolish when he came into his mother's room again.

Mother comprehended it all at a glance, and smiled as she said—

"I wonder who looks guilty this time?"

"Oh, mother, I am sorry, but I did not mean to accuse Susan so wrongfully. I remember now, just as plainly as can be, wrapping up my florin in that bit of paper, and putting it into my jacket pocket."

"It's a very serious thing, Arthur, to make such charges as you did a moment ago against an innocent person. What if you had mentioned it among your schoolmates? It would not be long before it would be told all about—'Susan at Mr. Reynolds' steals—I wonder they keep her.' If she ever wished to get another place it might be a very difficult matter. Though you contradict the story afterwards, it would never undo the mischief. Many will repeat an injurious story who will never take the trouble to correct it. I will pray for you, dear boy, that you may learn to correct this sinful habit; and I hope you will pray with me. You will never improve

a bad habit until you pray over it. Run now, and tell Susan that you have found your money; and try to make some amends for your injustice by being more than usually thoughtful and obliging."

Only a Pin.

"Only two or three days ago an overseer in the mills found a pin which cost the Company about three hundred dollars."

"Was it stolen?" asked Susie. "I suppose it must have been very handsome. Was it a diamond pin?"

"Oh, no, my dear, not by any means. It was just such a pin as people buy every day, and use without stint. Here is one upon my dress."

"Such a pin as that cost three hundred dollars!" exclaimed John. "I don't believe it."

"But mamma says it's a true story," interposed Susie.

Yes, I know it to be true; and this is the way the pin happened to cost so much: you know that calicoes after they are printed and washed, are dried and smoothed by being passed over heated rollers. Well, by some mischance a pin dropped so as to lie upon the principal roller, and indeed became wedged into it, the head standing out a little way from the surface.

Over and over went the roller, and round and round went the cloth, winding at length upon still another roller, until the piece was measured off. Then another piece began to be dried and wound; and so on until a hundred pieces had been counted off. These were not examined immediately, but removed from the machinery and laid aside.

When at length they came to be inspected it was found that there were holes in every piece throughout the web, and only three quarters of a yard apart. Now in each piece there were from thirty-five to forty-five yards; and at twelve cents a yard, that would count up to about five hundred dollars.

Of course the goods could not be classed as perfect goods; so they were sold as remnants, at less than half the price they would have brought had it not been for that hidden pin.

Now it seems to me that when a boy takes for his companion a profane swearer, a Sabbath-breaker, or a lad who is untruthful, and a little girl has for her playmate one who is unkind or disobedient, or in any way a wicked child, they are like the roller which took to its bosom the pin. Without their being able to help it, often the evil influence clings to them, and leaves its mark upon everybody with whom they come in contact.

That pin damaged irreparably four thousand yards of new print; but bad company has ruined thousands of souls for whom Christ died. Remember "one sinner destroyeth much good;" therefore avoid evil companions. — *Child's Treasury*.

"Now I Lay Me."

"Mother, may I lay me down to sleep?" said little Jenny one day, though the sun had not yet reached "the noonday mark" on the window-sill.

"We are all very early risers, ma'am," said Jenny's mother, turning to me; "and our little girl so steadily trudges around, and help takes care of baby when mother is busy, that she always has to take a nap before dinner, so as to be bright when father comes in from the farmlands."

"Yes, Jenny, daughter. Come and let mother loosen your frock; and you will find the light wrapper on your bed-post." And mother unbuttoned the neat calico dress, which Jenny slipped off over head, and taking it up carefully, hung it on the low bed-post from which she had taken the light wrapper, or "sleepy gown," as Jenny calls it, which mother keeps for her to take her naps in. She then took off her little shoes, and kissing her mother, knelt down right beside her bed, and said very reverently, "Now I lay me"—those simple lines which have

been uttered by so many lips before the weary form has been stretched upon its bed to rest.

"Why, Jenny," said I, as she laid herself on the bed, "my little ones only say 'Now I lay me' when they go to bed at night."

"Don't they take naps like me when they are tired, ma'am?" said Jenny.

"Oh! yes, my dear, little Lucy always takes a nap before dinner."

"Well, ma'am, I always want the Lord 'my soul to keep' whenever I lay me down to sleep—always."

"It is a notion of her own, ma'am," said Jenny's mother; "and I think a right and good notion. Whenever she lies down to sleep, she always says this little verse, day or night; and father and I think they need the Lord to watch over them through daylight as well as in the darkness of night." — *Youth's Companion*.

Clinging to Jesus.

I carried my little boy, sick and weary, one night over by a back way to a neighbor's house where we were invited to take tea, and I had him climb on a chair, and get on my back; then his mother threw a shawl over him, so that he was completely covered up, and I started out. The ground was covered with ice, and you may be sure I walked very carefully—I had that boy on my back, and I said to him as I walked along slowly in the darkness, "My son, are you afraid?" "No, papa." "Why are you not afraid?" "Because you have got me." Said I, "My precious boy, all through this dark life hold on to Jesus, and he will hold on to you. Cling to Him." He said, "Yes, papa, I'll try." I believe a little child can love Jesus, and cling to Jesus.—*Dr. Vincent*.

American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, *President*.

S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec. & Treas.*

L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent*,
80 Wall Street, New York.

District Secretaries:

Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston.
Rev. H. BEEBE, New Haven, Conn.

LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a life Director.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall Street, N. Y., and 13 Cornhill, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman Street.

SAVINGS BANKS FOR SEAMEN.

All respectable Savings' Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings' Banks as such are established in New York, 74-6 Wall Street and 189 Cherry Street, and Boston, Tremont Street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

SAILORS' HOMES.

LOCATION.	ESTABLISHED BY	KEEPERS.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry Street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.	Fred'k Alexander.
BOSTON, 99 Purchase Street.....	Boston " " "	Capt. Henry & Robert Smith.
PHILADELPHIA, 422 South Front St..	Penn. " " "	Capt. J. T. Robinson.
WILMINGTON, cor. Front & Dock Sts.	Wilm. Sea. Friend Society.	Capt. W. J. Penton.
CHARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Society.	Capt. Peter Smith.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Frnd Society.	Geo. Ernst Findeisen.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " "	
HONOLULU, S. I.....	Honolulu " " "	Mrs. Crabbe.

INDEPENDENT SOCIETIES AND PRIVATE SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES.

NEW YORK, 338 Pearl Street.....	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	Edward Rode.
334 & 336 Pearl Street.....	Private.....	
4 Catharine Lane, (colored).....	do.	G. F. Thompson.
45 Oliver Street.....	do.	Christ. Bowman.
66 do. do.....	do.	Charles G. Aufrath.
BOSTON, N. Square, Mariners House..	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y.	N. Hamilton.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.....	Mr. & Mrs. H. G. O. Nye.
BALTIMORE, 65 Thames Street.....	Seamen's Union Bethel Soc.	Edward Kirby.

MARINERS' CHURCHES.

LOCATION.	SUSTAINED BY	MINISTERS
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison.	New York Port Society....	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
cor. Water and Dover Streets....	Mission " " " "	" B. F. Millard.
275 West Street.....	" " " "	" Robt. J. Walker,
Foot of Pike Street, E. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society....	" H. F. Roberts.
Foot of Hubert Street, N. R.....	" " " "	" Isaac Maguire.
Open air Service, Coenties Slip...	" " " "	" O. G. Hedstrom.
Swedish & English, pier 11, N. R.	Methodist	" J. L. Hodge, D. D.
Oliver, cor. Henry Street.....	Baptist	" E. Hopper, D. D.
Cor. Henry and Market Streets...	Sea & Land, Presbyterian..	" E. O. Bates.
BROOKLYN, 8 President Street.....	Am. Sea. Friend Society....	" O. Helland.
BUFFALO		" P. G. Cook.
ALBANY, Montgomery Street.....	Methodist	" John Miles.
BOSTON, cor. Salem & N. Bennet Sts.	Boston Sea. Friend Society	" S. H. Hayes.
North Square.....	Boston Port Society....	" Geo. S. Noyes.
Cor. Commercial and Lewis Sts..	Baptist Bethel Society....	" H. A. Cooke.
Richmond Street.....	Episcopal	" J. P. Robinson.
PORTLAND, ME., Fore st. n. Custom H	Portland Sea. Frn'd Soc'y..	" F. Southworth.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden St	Prov. Sea. Friend Society..	
NEWPORT, R. I., 51 Long Wharf...	Individual Effort.....	" C. H. Malcom, D.D.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society.	" J. D. Butler.
PHILADELPHIA, c. Front & Union Sts.	Presbyterian.....	" Vincent Group.
Cor. Shippen and Penn Streets...	Methodist	" William Major.
Catharine Street.....	Episcopal	" W. B. Erben.
Front Street, above Navy Yard...	Baptist	" Joseph Perry.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice & Anna Sts..	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc..	" Francis McCartney
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NORFOLK	American & Norfolk Sea. }	" E. N. Crane.
	Friend Societies	
CHARLESTON, Church, n. Water St..	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y...	" Wm. B. Yates.
SAVANNAH	" " " "	" Richard Webb.
MOBILE, Church Street, near Water.	" " " "	"
NEW ORLEANS.....	" " " "	" L. H. Pease.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*
Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y & Treas.*

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President.*
L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

OBJECTS. 1.—To improve the social, moral and religious condition of seamen; to protect them from imposition and fraud; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to SAVE THEIR SOULS. 2.—To sanctify commerce, an interest and a power in the earth, second only to religion itself, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

MEANS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT. 1.—The preaching of the Gospel by Missionaries and Chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its Chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in CHINA, JAPAN, the SANDWICH ISLANDS, CHILI, BRAZIL, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, NEW BRUNSWICK, &c, and will establish others as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to those who do business upon our inland waters, Chaplains visit the sick and dying, and as far as possible supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the SAILORS' MAGAZINE and SEAMEN'S FRIEND, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications, the SEAMEN'S FRIEND, is gratuitously furnished to chaplains and Missionaries for distribution among seamen and others. The Society also publishes the LIFE BOAT for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—LOAN LIBRARIES, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between forty and fifty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews, and placed as a general thing, in the care of converted sailors, who thus become for the time, effective missionaries among their shipmates. This plan of sea-missions contemplates much more than the placing of a Christian Library on ship-board, in that, (1) It places the library in the hands of an individual who takes it for the purpose of doing good with it, and who becomes morally responsible for the use made of it. (2) It places the library in the fore-castle—the sailors' own apartment. (3) It contemplates a connection between the missionary and the individual who furnishes the instrument with which he works. The donor of each library is informed, if he requests it, when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated. The whole number of libraries sent out by the Society, is 4,400 containing 190,000 volumes. Calculating frequent re-shipments, they have been accessible to probably 190,000 men. Over eight hundred hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. This work may be and should be greatly extended. More than 20,000 American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of SAILORS' HOMES, READING ROOMS, SAVINGS' BANKS, the distribution of BIBLES, TRACTS, &c.

The SAILORS' HOME, 190 Cherry St., New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, since which time it has accommodated over 78,000 boarders. This one Institution has saved to seamen and their relatives, \$1,500,000. The moral and religious influence on the seamen sheltered there, can not be estimated. More or less shipwrecked seamen are constantly provided for at the Home. A Missionary of the Society is in daily attendance, and religious meetings are held on week day evenings. Similar institutions exist, in other cities, under the care of auxiliary Societies.

NOTE.—Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will send a Library to sea, in the name of the donor. Thirty dollars makes a Life-Member; One Hundred dollars a Life Director. The SAILORS' MAGAZINE is, when asked for, sent gratuitously to Pastors, who take a yearly collection for the cause, and to Life-Members and Directors, upon an annual request for the same.